



SNOWBALL'S REVENGE.

Puff and Kit became very popular with all the kittens and cats in the neighborhood after they gave the lecture and very much talked of, and poor Snowball was not looked upon as quite so equal.

One day after he had been in the city with his master he heard a commotion in the barn, and he thought Puff and Kit must be giving another lecture, so he went very quietly to the barn door and looked in. All the cats and kittens were sitting around the barn, drinking tea, and one old Mrs. Tabby was saying to Puff: "It is a pity your brother Snowball does not care for the artistic things in life as you and Kit do; it must be very trying to have him go to town with his master instead of enjoying this brilliant gathering you have here this afternoon at your tea."

"Yes," replied Puff. "Kit and I often speak of it, but Snowball does not care for social life at all. He is of rather a roving disposition, and he does not care for style, either."

"He seems to be very proud of his tail and collar," said another Mrs. Tabby.

"Oh, yes," replied Kit, "so he is, but he does not wear them with any style."

"He has not the grace or dignity which you or Puff possess," said another old Tabby.

"Snowball listened with flashing eyes. 'The wretches,' he said; 'after all I have done for Kit and Puff to think they would talk about me like this. I will show them whether I have style or not. I saw a dog on the street today wearing a red sweater. I'll get one the next time I go to town, and on Sunday I will wear it. I will make the old Tabbies and Puff and Kit sit up and take notice of me.'"

The next Sunday morning when all the kittens and Tabby cats were sitting on their front steps in the warm sunshine Snowball donned his red sweater. He stretched his neck to its full length so that his tie and collar might show to advantage. He slicked his coat and pricked up his ears, and then walked very slowly by the barn door, where Kit and Puff were doing in the sun, but he did not look at them.

Puff was in the middle of a yawn, and he stopped with wide-opened mouth. Never had he seen anyone look so stylish as Snowball in his red sweater. He tapped Kit on the head and awoke him, and they walked out.



Walked Very Slowly.

of the barn and looked after Snowball's retreating figure.

"Where did he get it?" asked Kit. "I do not know," said Puff, "but he will have all the neighborhood talking about him, and we will be forgotten again."

"They crept along to the gate and watched Snowball walk down the road. Out came the kittens and Tabbies and looked admiringly at Snowball, who bowed and purred to each one he met."

"Snowball's most stylish cat around here," said one kitten. "And his white fur with the red sweater makes him the handsomest cat I ever saw," said another. "I must watch for him when he comes back." said one old Tabby, "and invite him to dinner, for he will be the rage after this." "Yes," said another, "he is far more handsome than Kit or Puff. They never could carry off that style of red sweater."

Poor Puff and Kit watched Snowball as he walked on all sides, and finally surrounded by an admiring crowd. They walked down the road, but no one noticed them, for all eyes were on Snowball and his red sweater. Kit and Puff went home and waited for Snowball to return, but it was very late before he came, and for everybody was anxious to have him on their steps or in their yard, that they might be able to say that he had called upon them wearing the wonderful red sweater.

When Snowball reached home that evening Puff said: "You better keep away from the cow, if she sees that red coat of yours she will toss you so high you will never come to earth again; she does not like red."

"I am not at all afraid," said Snowball. "The cow always admired me, but if either of you should put this on and she saw you, I won't answer for the consequences, for your figures would not show it as mine does, and it would anger her to see you wear it." And Snowball walked away, leaving Kit and Puff wondering how they could regain their standing with their acquaintances.

A Live One.

Visitor—Willie, which would you rather be, George Washington or your Sunday school teacher?

Little Willie—My Sunday school teacher.

Visitor—Why?

Little Willie—"Cause he ain't dead, yet."

Two Essentials.

Tommy said the Sunday school teacher, who had been giving a lesson on the baptismal covenant, "You tell me the two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy, "water and a baby."—Western Mail.

Her Preference.

Sunday School Teacher—You must grow up to be good. Don't you want to be looked up to?

Little Emma Warrup—No; I'd rather be looked around at.—Judge.

## PIGS WILL REPAY ATTENTION

Little Georgia Girl Gives Striking Demonstration of What Careful Feeding Will Accomplish.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

A Georgia girl has recently given a striking demonstration of what a little care will accomplish in the raising of pigs. A sow in her neighborhood had eight pigs and could only nourish seven of them at one time. The eighth pig was therefore given to the little girl, who raised it by hand. She joined her country pig club as a Ham and Bacon member, and kept a close record, as the club regulations provide, of the feed given her pig, and of its weight. The pig was not a purebred. At nine months old the pig was killed. It weighed 225 pounds net when dressed as meat, and also yielded a 50-pound can of lard. The cost of producing this meat was less



Georgia Girl and Her Pig.

than five bushels of corn, as the pig was also fed on kitchen waste.

At the same time the seven other pigs which had been left with the mother were killed. They averaged only 87 pounds net when dressed as meat. This is only one of the many instances in which the members of the pig clubs throughout the country are demonstrating to their neighbors how liberally the pig repays those who provide it with a reasonable amount of care and feed.

## MANY ERRORS IN SPELLING

Orthographic Oddities Brought to Light by Dr. Leonard P. Ayres—Few Excellent Spellers.

Seven out of every 100 third-grade public school children in the United States cannot spell the word "conscience," according to a report just compiled by Dr. Leonard P. Ayres of the Russell Sage Foundation on the special problems inherent in the teaching of spelling. Doctor Ayres' study also brought out many other orthographic oddities.

Doctor Ayres selected the 1,000 words that constitute 90 per cent of the language ordinarily used. This selection was made from various English authors, from four Sunday newspaper columns, and from the business and family correspondence of more than 2,000 adults.

Co-operating with the school superintendents in 84 cities of the United States, Doctor Ayres had the 1,000 commonest words tested by an aggregate of 140,000 spellings, secured from 70,000 public school children. Nine words of most frequent use, viz., "the," "in," "so," "now," "man," "ten," "bed," "top," revealed that second-grade pupils, on an average, spelled correctly 84 per cent of these words. At the other extreme of the scale of words "judgment," "recommend," and "allege" were found to be spelled correctly by just 50 per cent of eighth-grade pupils.

Doctor Ayres finds: "There are very few exceedingly good spellers, many medium ones, and very few excellent ones. Few words do most of our work when we write. Fifty words constitute, with their repetitions, one-half of the words written. The child who masters the 1,000 words on the scale given will make no spelling errors in nine-tenths of his writing."—New York Times.

A Boy's Idea.

Some historians have discovered that we owe the existence of the safety-pin to the walls of an English baby. A little boy named Billy, the son of a blacksmith, had often to play nurse to his baby brother. He saw that when the baby cried it was usually because he was pricked by a pin. For a long time the boy nurse tried to bend the common pin so that it would be less likely to puncture the baby's flesh and as his father, the blacksmith, noticed the boy's work the idea of the safety-pin grew in his own mind until it resulted in a contrivance that is in use the world over.

Worst Habit of Boys.

One of the very worst habits in boyhood is the cigarette habit. This has long been recognized by all the judges of the courts who deal with young criminals, and especially by judges of police courts, before whom pass thousands of men every year who are addicted to intemperate habits. These judges know that in nearly every case the drunken sots who appear before them, a disgrace to their parents, themselves and the state, began as boys smoking cigarettes. One had habit led to another. The nicotine and poison in the cigarette created an appetite for alcoholic drink.

The Reason.

"Well, Tommy, I suppose you love your teacher?"

"No, sir."

"You ought not to talk that way. Why don't you love her?"

"We are quite incompatible, sir," replied the precocious youth.

Work of Girls' Clubs.

Girls' canning and garden clubs in Iowa sold nearly \$1,000 worth of fresh vegetables last year, besides "putting up" 3,360 quarts of fruit and vegetables.

Correct.

Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Billy—I can, teacher.

Teacher—Well, where?

Billy—The home of the swallow is in the stomach.

The Perfect Cure.

Mother—Ella, what has happened to your doll?

Ella—The doctor says it's nervous breakdown and he has prescribed medicine.—Judge.

## Accenting Vogue of Rich Materials



Although one may choose almost any shape in hats, the progress of the season has given precedence to certain types. Hats inspired by the Puritan model are many and smart. Small high-crowned shapes with narrow curving brims followed naturally in the wake of the Puritan, and have been developed into brilliant millinery, combining rich brocades or velvets, in covering the shape, with fur in narrow bands outlining the brim edge and crown. The small turban has blossomed out in wintry materials (velvet and fur and other rich stuffs) in styles more varied than ever, and is the scene of dash and grace.

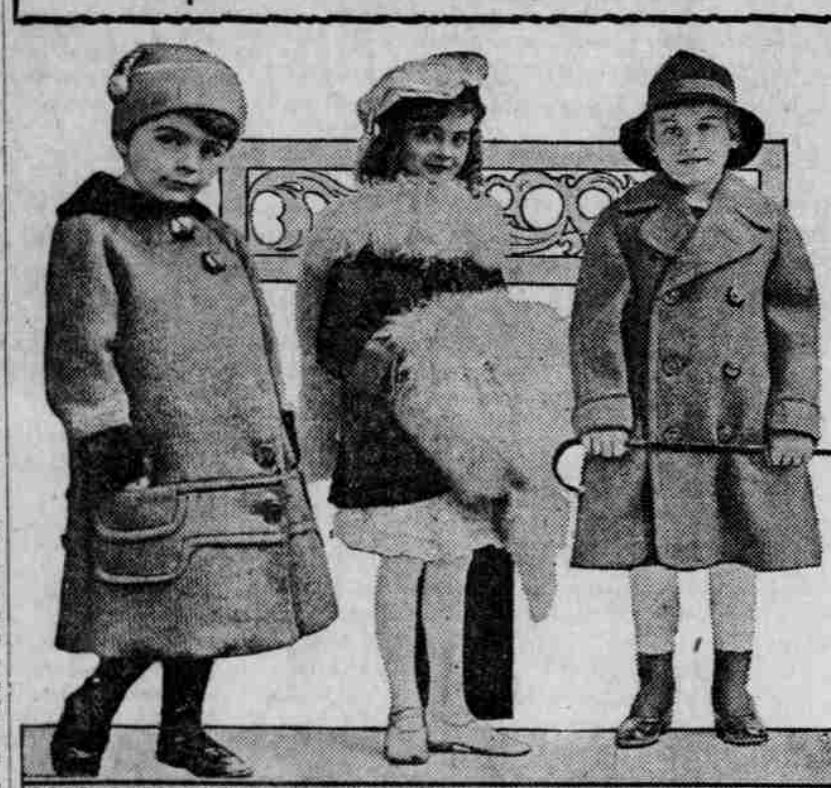
Trimming remains simple, either for these chic small hats or in the wider-brimmed shapes. And it seems that every one strives for novelty in it. Either the flower or feather must be something new and strange—and beautiful—or it must be oddly placed. An example of this is shown in two views of a dress that are given in the photographs reproduced here.

This model is made of velvet shirred in one circular piece, to cover the upper brim and side crown. The top crown is a small scant puff of the velvet, and the underbrim has a plain velvet facing. The shape lifts to a point at the front and flares upward at the back, where the brim widens.

The Stocking Pantalettes.

A novelty is white silk stockings with three little frills above the ankles in simulation of pantalettes. These frills are of silk, edged with lace.

## Bespoke Comfort for Small Wearers



The outdoor garments made for small lads and lasses in the winter-time are first designed for warmth. This essential is taken care of and after that they achieve what measure of grace and style the material and the season's modes will allow.

Overcoats for the small boy are a little shorter than in previous seasons, of very heavy close-woven wools. Dark blue is a favorite color for them, but there are many dark mixtures, indistinct checks and a few crossweaves. The variant from the simple collar that may be rolled up about the neck and ears. A very good model is that shown in the picture, which provides large but inconspicuous patch pockets for the convenience of the most appreciative of all possessors of pockets.

A cozy coat for a little girl, with cap to match, is pictured, with collar and cuffs of plush. It is made of a heavy wool-knit material and is soft and warm. The stitched belt, which includes pockets, reflects a popular treatment of the belt in coats for older girls. With cap to match, which may be pulled down over the ears, a trim, smart outfit makes the youngster look as comfortable as she feels.

For the little miss who has arrived at the dignity of going out to parties, pretty coats are made and childlike robes are designed to re-enforce them. White tulle and fox and other inexpensive white furs are prettier for the little girl. The next best choice for her are the little gray squirrel sets. There are several other furs suited to children, and all of them are intended for the little miss to wear up

on "dress-up" occasions. The warmth of furs goes without saying, and luckily the fur sets for children are modest in price, so that all may have them.

For House Wear.

White linen modified middieys with collar and cuffs of color, and just a little smocking on each side to support the necessary fullness will be worn in the house all winter. The smocked stitching and collar and cuffs may be of horizon or delf blue, pink or lavender. A dainty negligee of fine nainsook with half sleeves and cotton effect has a belt of three narrow pink ribbons braided together. Val lace and insertion are used with dainty empire wreaths in blue, pink and green on each side. Another nainsook blouse has scalloped edges, trimmed with balls of two shades of blue silk and irregular motifs.

Sweaters at All Hours.

Oddly enough, sweaters are worn with frocks of white silk, as well as with all other frocks, and dainty tulle, soft and billowy, with frounces and frills, and with panniers of mother-of-pearl paillette net. Silver and gold lace and fine net embroidered in gold or silver form frounces on many charming frocks.

The pompadour silks are still used, and a black one, figured in pale shades, is especially effective when smartly made up.

to form the nucleus of a state fleet, and as the fisheries are said to be exhausted, the government has bought three trawlers, which were built on the Tees, and which are manned by Grimsby crews. These vessels, which are of the most up-to-date type, have arrived at Sydney, and are now engaged in developing the coastal fishing grounds, the possibilities of which are believed to be great. Hitherto the sailing craft has been carried on by small industry and motor boats. The trawlers are

She Takes as Many Chances.

Just the same, a man who can tell a good watermelon by looking at it and thumping it often selects a bad wife by her looks alone.—Anaconda Standard.

## Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

## HOW THE BUSINESS EXPANDED.

"It seems so queer that we get so few complaints from our customers out in the country," said one of my bosses, whom I will call "X" for convenience.

"They seem to be satisfied with whatever we send them," responded my boss whom I will designate for convenience "Z."

"They don't know the difference between good stuff and bad stuff," said X. "I guess it's this way. Out in the country they have so few things that they are glad to get anything that looks all right."

"Ha," said Z with a shout of laughter. "They keep their parlors all dark except when company comes, or on Sunday. I can understand how their parlor furniture doesn't become worn out. I remember how it was when I was a boy."

"Look here, X, why not start a department of furniture for our customers," said Y. "We ought to find it profitable."

"I think we're losing money every day not handling furniture," interjected Z. "Supporting we let X try out his hand by putting a new line in our catalogue—furniture, carpets, rugs, pictures and that stuff."

So it was decided that I should have a respite from my office work and put in my time for a few weeks looking up the possibilities of a furniture department. All this time while we were doing an enormous business, several thousand dollars' worth every week, we carried no stock at all with the exception of a few cheap watches and other articles of jewelry—revolvers and a half dozen guns. The customers were furnishing the capital for our business, cash in advance, so that all we had to do was to take their orders, go out and buy what the orders called for, for generally less than one-half the amount of the remittance, and keep the balance, from 50 to 60 per cent of the amount, as our profit.

After visiting several of the furniture manufacturers in our city, I formulated a list of prices and arranged that we could obtain any of the articles on the list at any time by paying only for such as we had orders for. Of course we got all of these things at wholesale prices and I had learned that another discount can always be demanded for the payment of cash.

So I secured from the manufacturers photographs of the various articles I had picked out and showed them to Y and Z.

"They look rather skimpy and slim, those chair legs," said Y.

"That photograph of a chiffonier looks like a coffin stood on end—it's so narrow," suggested Z.

"But I picked out only the cheaper grades of stuff," I replied. "You told me not to try to get anything expensive. It's as cheap stuff."

"Can't we make it look better in the catalogue than it does in the photograph?" suggested Y.

We sent for a wood engraver to come to the office and then we went into the subject in detail. He said that he could make the chair legs look bigger and stronger by drawing them as though they were larger than they were actually. As for the chiffonier, and similar articles, he showed us a very neat plan. He took a pair of shears and split the photograph in two, then pasted the two pieces on another sheet of paper so that the split parts were about a quarter of an inch apart.

"Now that looks like a wide, comfortable chiffonier," said Y, and we could not help but agree with him. It looked like a piece of furniture of real value. It looked half again as wide and presented a really desirable appearance while, as the photograph showed it, it would look too narrow and ungraceful to sell well. The change in the character of the illustration made a difference of \$100 in the value of the article, while it was to cost us only about \$5.50, wholesale.

And the chairs, when the engraver had drawn them to look as though the legs were an inch and a half in diameter, instead of as they really were, actually cost less than the chairs that looked like \$3 chairs instead of like the chairs they were, honestly made to retail for \$12.25.

And so it went on. We took bureau, commodore, wooden beds, and all of the various articles that I had selected, and made them look in our catalogue illustrations as though they were vastly superior pieces, suitable for the finest rooms in the house. The engraver did his work well, with a constant grin on his face, for he admitted that all of this hocus-pocus, as he called it, was a new experience to him.

One day he said to me, confidentially, "Say X, what will those poor pups out in the country say when they get the real thing? Won't they holler?"

I repeated this to Y and Z, who replied indignantly that if they hollered we would send them a nice letter and jolly them along.

"We've got their money, anyhow," said Mr. Y. "Let 'em holler."

"Yes, and they'll send after more," said Z.

We decided that we would take the course of the chances for kicking by putting the actual measurements into the catalogue descriptions. If they

don't kick, we said the barber, careless "All heads look alike to me."

"Wunst I went into a barber shop to get shaved," resumed the barber, "and after the barber was done and I was sitting in the chair, he remarked, 'Say, old man, if all heads was like yours I'd give up the barber business.' I sez to him, I sez, 'Well, you haven't got anything on me, old man. If all barbers was like you I'd let my beard grow.'"

Some Good Certain.

"No matter how bad a man is," said Uncle Eben, "he ought to be encouraged to go to church. It'll keep him out of mischief for a few hours a week, anyhow."

Made Jack Sweet.

While enjoying the new-found bliss of the honeymoon a doting bridegroom hired a tandem bicycle and took his bride for an afternoon's roundabout run. The fair lady enjoyed the ride so much that she was willing to go on a long ride. The fond husband got his head down and plugged along as hard as a galley-slave every inch of the 32 miles, and when they got to the journey's end the bride was so tired that she was unable to get up.

Worth Knowing.

Inland linoleum when first laid should be given a coat of good floor polish made of wax and pure oils free from acids of any nature. This should be well rubbed into the linoleum to fill the pores, then the linoleum should be polished. When necessary to clean use a good soap, which must be free from alkalis, and luke-warm water. Do not use soda or any of the strong soaps or cleaning compounds, which are apt to destroy the finish and color.

Some people think, because I oppose universal suffrage, that I am very severe and harsh on the subject of woman.

"These people like me, in fact, to the man who was asked: 'Do you believe in clubs for women?'"

"Sure I do!" the man replied. "Clubs, sandbags, flatirons, any old thing."

Mark Twain's Tobacco.

Jean Webster is the grandniece of Mark Twain. She says that she was impressed with the ever present odor—or aroma, according to the point of view—of tobacco in his hair and beard long before she was impressed with the fact that he was a great author.

Not Interested.

"I wish, Mrs. Nurich, you would come over some time and see my apary."

"Thank you, Mr. Jiggs, but, really, monkeys never interested me."

## FIGHT ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS

Italians and Austrians Battle Among Peaks That Are Considered Almost Inaccessible.

Italy's Alpine troops, mountain artillery and several regiments of bersaglieri (sharpshooters) are apparently bearing the brunt of the war with Austria.

These troops have since the beginning of the war been occupying strategic positions, generally the peaks of almost inaccessible mountains dominating the enemy's forts and entrenched camps, hauling up guns and holding these positions against the repeated attacks of the Austrians who are striving to open a way toward a possible future invasion of Italy.

Scarcely any details are available about their hard fighting up in the mountains where the snow is still several feet deep and no eyewitnesses are present.

A company of Alpini was on the march at night along a mountain path skirting a valley 200 feet below. The path was narrow and a false step meant death. The men marched carefully and slowly in Indian file and kept well in from the edge. The officer who marched in front when the path widened ordered the men to halt and lie down for an hour's rest. The Alpini accordingly rolled themselves up in the blankets and settled to sleep, when a dull, muffled noise was heard coming up from the valley.

Three or four Alpini understood at once what it meant. The Austrians down in the valley were mining the path from below in the hope of blowing up the force. They looked down the precipice, but could not see anything. It was pitch dark. Still the noise continued. The Alpini hit on a plan at once and the officer approved it.

One of them, a knife in his mouth and a rifle in his hands, was led down the ledge tied to a rope. When he saw the shadows of the Austrians working on the rock he fired at a distance of less than ten yards. The Austrians fled for cover and then opened fire against the man dangling from the rope, but his comrades hauled him to safety. When the Alpini explored the valley next morning they found three Austrians killed and near them the dynamite charge they were preparing.

We took iron beds, with posts an inch in diameter. The head and foot of the beds were three-inch ones. Narrow beds were widened in the pictures to look like comfortable, roomy beds and we distorted every illustration in this manner.

But we adhered rigidly to our descriptions of measurements so that we were technically correct in our descriptions. They could kick, but we were perfectly honest in our statements in the catalogue.

I can only imagine the number of times that some housewife in the country has taken a look at our catalogue and witnessed the breadth and imposing appearance of some article of furniture pictured there, only to visit her local merchant and inquire his prices for similar furniture. He, honest fellow, never knew the joke that was being played on him by us, and he would give his prices, correctly for sizes, while the prospective buyer would snort her disgust at his "right" prices because she would be judging from the pictures only, forgetting to or neglecting to read the attached descriptions. If she were actually to measure the samples shown by her local dealer and compare measurements with the descriptions in our catalogue as printed, she would generally discover that she had done him a great injustice and his prices, as per actual measurements, would be lower than our prices. What you are getting when you buy it.

Dog Knows Bad From Good Coin.

San Gregorio, Cal., has a dog, says the San Francisco Chronicle, which, with the exactness of a banker, can detect the difference between the ring of a genuine and counterfeit coin.

A few weeks ago some hunters threw some coins on the counter of John Marshall's hotel. Marshall did not quite like the sound of one of the dollars. Calling in his dog, he placed him on the counter. The dog carefully picked up with his mouth four genuine coins and took them to his master, and left a counterfeit dollar on the counter.

Hearing that his dog's ability was questioned, Marshall put the animal to a series of difficult tests recently in the presence of several coastwise citizens. Not in a single instance did the wonderful dog fail to detect a counterfeit coin. The final test was to nail a genuine and counterfeit dollar in separate cigar boxes. After shaking each box furiously, the dog chewed open the box containing the genuine coin and took it to his master.

World's Largest University.

The world in which we are living is a new and most interesting one, now, in its physical attraction, because we are understanding it and discovering its wonders as never in all the centuries before. Nothing is more common than a tree or flower or a grain of wheat. Yet around these common forms of earthly growth, millions are pouring out their energies and thousands are eagerly studying and discovering new forms of power. The combined forces of earth, air, water, light, plain, mountain, lake, river, snow, rain, sun, stars, the universe in its bewildering variety of seasons, climate, change, are forces which challenge our lives. They are the constant university to which all living souls are privileged to go. The earth is itself a stupendous setting for the living soul and we can never exhaust its interest or compass its entire meaning.—The Christian Herald.

Might Scare Him Away.

If a girl wants to marry and is wise she never attempts to appear more intelligent than the man whom she is trying to induce to pay her board for life.

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Manhattan Is Flat-Footed.

Little old Manhattan is flat-footed, wears poor shoes and stands up at its work, according to figures compiled by Capt. Frank E. Evans of the recruiting office of the United States Marine Corps. Captain Evans is authority for the statement that approximately 18 per cent of all applicants who applied for enlistment in the marine corps at its Twenty-third street office during the past year were rejected for "pes planus," or flat foot. He puts the blame on the cheaply constructed, poorly made shoes the average toiler wears at his work for the epidemic of falling arch, and on the fact that the majority of victims claimed they were forced to stand on their feet for long stretches while at their employment.

Motormen, conductors, subway guards, policemen, machinists, waiters and clerks are the principal sufferers from "pes planus," Captain Evans says.—New York Times.

When Chicago Burned.

The great Chicago fire began Sunday evening, October 8, 1871, and continued till Tuesday morning—about thirty-six hours. Area burned over, 2,100 acres, or about three square miles; buildings destroyed, 17,450; people rendered homeless, 98,500; killed, 200. Total loss, \$190,000,000; insurance, \$44,000,000. In consequence of this loss 67 insurance companies were forced to suspend payments. Among the buildings that were burned were the courthouse, customhouse, post office, chamber of commerce, gas works, three railroad stations, offices of nine daily newspapers, 32 hotels, ten theaters and assembly halls, eight public schools, 41 churches, five grain elevators containing 1,842,000 bushels of grain, and all the national banks except one.

Paid Big Price for Ram.

The price of a cotton hog gone up in Australia. When the Red Cross fund was being raised one wealthy sheepowner presented a ram to be sold by auction and the proceeds devoted to the fund. The ram was sold in Sydney. The auctioneer who wielded the hammer was a clever fellow. He appealed to the pastoralists and others present to see to it that the ram brought a sum worthy of the object, and one that would live for ever in the history of these sales. The ram, which was appropriately named "Australia Day," was sold and resold 22 times, mostly in straight bids, and when 2,000 guineas had been realized he was put up for final sale and knocked down at 200 guineas (\$1,020).

Called Prettiest Judge.